FOR ANCESTORS ONLY . . . By Gerald W. Johnson

THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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G. A. BORGESE has written about the "warp of guilt" and the "woof of hope." (See page 6)

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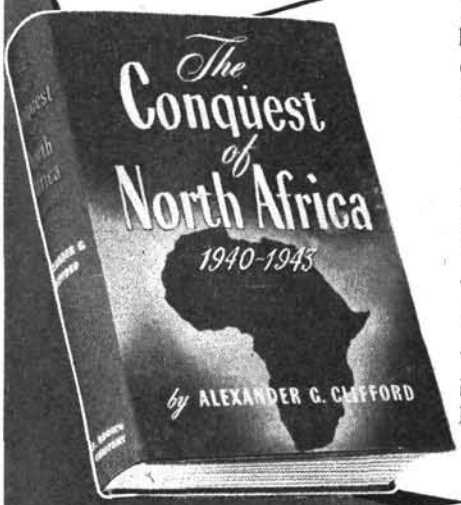

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The Saturday Review of Literature

For Ancestors Only

The Serious Business of Spawning a Generation

GERALD W. JOHNSON

MOST of us are ancestors. It is not of our choice, but that is irrelevant. We are elected, and we are bound to serve. But the business of being an ancestor "is vanity and vexation of spirit" as the writer of Ecclesiastes put it.

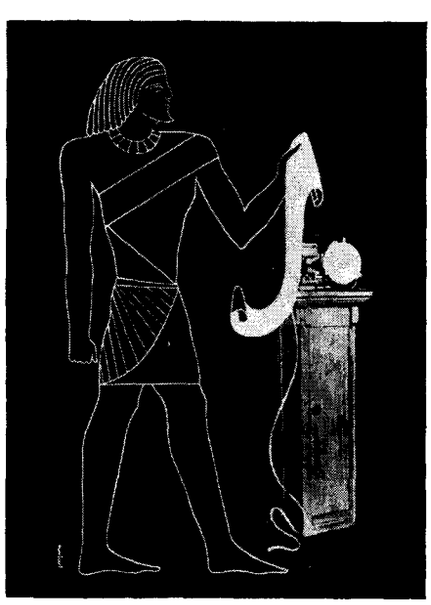
The difference between an ancestor and a mere forebear, as I see it, is that the ancestor is that one of our forebears who is memorable, either through what he did himself or through exceptional circumstances of his environment. If you are an American of, say, the sixth generation and only one of the lot got himself hanged, or elected Governor, he is the one you remember; but even one who never did anything more exciting than become second doorkeeper in a fraternal order attains a certain interest if he lived in exciting times.

Since you are now alive, it stands to reason that you must have had some kind of forefather living in 1840 and another in 1870; but what of it? It is the fixed opinion of this generation that nothing in particular happened in those years. But the forefather who was living in 1812, and the one who was living in 1861 are something quite different, for those were stirring times. If you have a diary, or a package of letters, dated in those years, you have undoubtedly read them with interest, and the State Historical Society would like to have them. Those people were made ancestors not necessarily by anything they did, but simply by the course of events.

Well, you and I qualify by the same rule. We are living in 1943, one of the thunderous years of human history; and a century hence posterity will be examining everything we said and did with the same sort of curiosity that we exhibit toward people who lived through the Napoleonic epos. Undoubtedly, we are ancestors; and a devilishly uncomfortable business it is, too.

For my part, I should have preferred to be a simple forebear, living out my span of life in times so dull that the school histories a couple of generations later would devote no more than a paragraph to the entire period. But, supposing that I had enjoyed the Psalmist's full measure of seventy years, I do not know just where I could fit them in. No modern nation has been idyllically calm that long. Perhaps the best choice would be that of an Englishman born in 1840 and dying in 1910. Such a man would have been too young for the Crimean War, in 1854, and too old for the Boer War in 1899. There would be little occasion for subsequent generations to wonder what he felt under prodigious stresses and strains, because we are not aware of such stresses and strains. Doubtless this is because we are imperceptive, since human life is always exciting to those in process of living it; but we nevertheless do feel that certain periods of history are irremediably dull.

OURS, however, is certainly not one of them; and since we are doomed to the unenviable fate of being ancestors,



—From the jacket design by Martinot, for "A History of the Business Man."

there is a certain interest in considering our relation to other generations similarly trapped and endowed with a fascination for their successors that they would not have chosen to possess. I do not speak in terms of happiness. Every generation under the chariot wheels of a great war is as miserable as it is capable of being, so it is hardly reasonable to assume that we are, in that respect, either worse or better than our predecessors. Nor do I have in mind relative chances of physical survival. I speak from the standpoint of an American civilian, which is to say, a man whose chances of getting his head knocked off in the fracas are relatively slight, but who, if he is possessed of either conscience or heart, must carry a full share of the anxieties and responsibilities of the times.

"Some men," remarked old Balthasar Gracian four hundred years ago, "have deserved a better century." Our century is certainly not a conspicuously good one; it is not yet half over, yet twice since it began the world has been subjected to convulsions almost unprecedented in history. Other centuries may have been worse in one country or another, or perhaps in one continent or another; but, taking the known world as a unit, when has it suffered more? Possibly the seventh century, the period of the Moslem Conquest, was worse, for at least Rommel was stopped in Africa and Amru wasn't. Possibly the thirteenth was worse, for the Germans even in Poland have only approximated the efficiency of Genghiz and Kublai in exterminating populations. By comparison with these blood baths both the Hundred Years' War and the Thirty Years' War were little more than neighborhood brawls. Since the Mongols withdrew from both the Yangtze and the Danube has the world seen anything remotely comparable to the agony and loss that the twentieth century has brought it?

One's first impulse is to answer, any century other than this, the seventh and thirteenth perhaps excepted. Be-

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sides, why let judgment hinge on bloodshed and destruction and nothing else? Fairness to the human race forces the acknowledgement that it is not war alone that makes a period memorable. It is not because of their wars that men remember the Age of Pericles, the Augustan Age, the Italian Renaissance, the Elizabethan Age. Why should the times when the human spirit has climbed successive peaks be ruled out?

IT is easy enough to point out that progress has been made in hygiene and sanitation. But we have ruled out the chances of personal survival as a dominant consideration, so we cannot give the twentieth century precedence on the basis of its plumbing and prophylaxis alone. Is there any other consideration that may afford an intelligent man consolation for living today, rather than in the days when philosophy was in the very air of Athens, or in those when the Florentine banks closed on the day when a new statue by Donatello was to be set up, or in those when a proper English gentleman was equally, and highly, proficient at singing a madrigal, writing a villanelle, and storming a redoubt? Modern science has saved millions from death by disease, enabling them to die by machine guns instead. We are no longer killed by our own ignorance, but by the latest discoveries of our immense learning. Perhaps that is an advantage, but a doubt lingers.

For the rest, would it not have been better to live in a century when men's spirits aspired, even though their bodies dragged through mud as treacherous as that on the slippery hills of Tunisia, and as foul as that in the swamps of Guadalcanal? To live in a city whose authorities might turn over the designing of the newest public building to Ictinus with decorations by Phidias must have meant something to men with no touch of genius in their own heads. So it must have been when the architect was a mere Bramante and the decorator Raphael. So it must have been when the new play was by William Shakespeare, the new book by Francis Bacon, and the fashionable night club the Mermaid Tavern whose cafe society included such celebrities as Ben Jonson, Walter Raleigh, and Francis Drake. Who would not look upon some such time as a better century than this?

Well, here is one dull-witted enough to do just that. I grant that the literary and artistic genius that blazed in those great periods is nowhere apparent now. But in one respect, at least, we need yield precedence to none, and that is in the manfulness of our men. If I might have the honor of sitting at the same table with William Frederick Halsey, I would not cross the room to sit at one with Francis Drake. The commander of the *Revenge* would never draw my eyes from the commander of the *San Francisco,* and if I might watch from a window while the first regiment that landed on Guadalcanal passed by, I would not turn away to see the Tenth Legion marching through another street.

Oh, no, the glory of the man-at-arms is as brilliant in the twentieth century as it ever was before. Lancelot and Roland, Coeur de Lion and Du Guesclin are with us, even if we lack the poets and painters and philosophers who illumined the great past.

But there is a greatness that does not rest on the individual feats of mighty men, but that lifts the heart as effectively as the finest tale of knightly adventure. Who was the genius of the siege of Leyden or that of La Rochelle? Who, but the plain people of those devoted cities? The revolt of the Swiss was mass heroism, but it is unforgotten. The early days of the French Revolution also were characterized by the deeds of the people; it was years before Napoleon dominated the scene.

In this sort of thing the twentieth century has been richer than any of its predecessors. In the war of 1914-18 Albert of the Belgians was a symbol, not of military genius, but of a heroic people. But it is in the second war that this element has dominated altogether. It began with the martyrdom of the Spanish people, sacrificed to the blindness, irresolution, and poltroonery, not of the people, but of the rulers, of the great democracies. It continued with the immortal Battle of Britain, of which Winston Churchill is only the secondary hero, first place belonging of right to the British people. It rose to a climax in the tragedy of the steppes, when Stalin and all his marshals were overshadowed by the magnificence of the Russian people.

IT would be stupid indeed to attempt to derogate from the splendor of the leadership given to their people by either Churchill or Stalin. It is highly probable that in neither country was there any living man who could have done as well; yet if Churchill had been struck by a bomb in September, 1940, does anyone doubt that another would have arisen to lead the British? Almost certainly this other would not have done as good a job, but the job would have been done, for the greatness of a people will not be denied leadership of some sort. Without Stalin the Russians might have suffered defeat, but they would never have gone down without such a fight as resounds for generations. How much of the Chinese spirit of resistance is the cre-

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ation of Chiang Kai Shek no prudent Occidental will attempt to guess; but Hitler is probably responsible for more German belligerence than the Generalissimo is for Chinese. Unquestionably, the Chinese war is far more truly a people's movement than are the campaigns of any of the totalitarian powers.

I submit, then, that if Michelangelo, Leonardo, and Raphael are enough to make theirs a century of great painters, Marlowe, Jonson, and Shakespeare enough to make theirs a century of great dramatists, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven to make theirs a century of great musicians, then certainly Belgium, Spain, Britain, Russia, and China are enough to make ours a century of great peoples. If it is a man's wish to live at a time when the human spirit has soared to dizzy heights, should he not be content to live in the days of Madrid, London, Stalingrad, and Chungking? I believe that posterity will think so.

APPRECIATION of the greatness of a people is a more civilized and adult taste than is adolescent delight in the feats of an individual champion. It calls for a relatively high degree of political development, which is a special sort of development not necessarily linked to any other. The Germans, scientifically one of the most highly developed people on earth, and artistically well advanced, are still puerile in their political thinking. Disregard Hitler altogether, and admit in evidence nothing more than the startling confession of Thomas Mann, who has admitted that he was middle-aged before he perceived any necessary connection between political and intellectual liberty; and even then the development of his thought was forced by the monstrous apparition of Nazism. If this was true of one of the most enlightened men in Germany, is it astonishing that the crudity of the ordinary man's political thinking was capable of mistaking the Nazi braying for the utterances of profound statesmanship?

But the Americans, laggards in philosophy and the arts, have developed the theory of political liberty further than it has been carried by any other people. Note well, I say we have developed the theory; as for the practice, we frequently fail to live up to our professions. Theoretically, not even the British have kept pace with us, for they have not yet arrived at the point where they feel they may safely dispense with the incarnation of sovereignty in the monarch. True, the King was long since reduced to a mere symbol, and most Englishmen regard the symbolism as valuable mainly for imperial unity; but the American has

—Reg Manning in the Concord Monitor

"Shortening the Nazi Lines."

managed for a hundred and sixty-seven years to do without any symbol at all, which is evidence of his ability to think in political abstractions, and thinking in abstractions is possible only at a fairly high level of development.

We should be, therefore, the nation best able to comprehend and appreciate the magnificence of a heroic people, whether or not it is exemplified conspicuously in a heroic man. We should be the people who best understand the peculiar greatness of the twentieth century, the century that has democratized heroism; and thus we should be the people who grasp most firmly the value of our times.

Perhaps we are; but it is not necessarily true. Hero-worship implies some spiritual affinity between the idol and the idolater. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and if he thinks that Julius Caesar is the greatest man that ever lived, he has a Caesarian touch, however slight, in his own make-up. Not without some strain of heroism in themselves will the American people ever be capable of appreciating to the full the heroism of the British, the Russians, the Chinese; and without that appreciation we shall never even guess what is the glory of our own times.

I HAVE said that we have developed the theory of political liberty further than the British; but the British are still our masters in the theory of statecraft. The Russians, the Chinese, and the Americans alike fought when they were attacked, but the British fought before they were attacked. The British understood that their freedom was in mortal peril when Poland was assaulted; but it took Pearl Harbor to convince us that ours was in deadly danger. The war will be largely wasted unless it teaches us the lesson that the defense of human freedom is best guaranteed by regarding freedom as a unity. An assault upon it anywhere is an assault upon it everywhere. In the years following 1776 we learned and have never forgotten that an assault upon Massachusetts is an assault upon South Carolina. Shall we learn, in the years following 1941, that an assault upon Abyssinia is an assault upon Massachusetts? If we do not, we shall have learned little of value even in the hideous school of war we are now attending.

If we do learn it, however, the possibility of establishing a peace that will endure much longer than a quarter of a century is excellent. The power to maintain peace has been revealed. The Germans have fought well under an inspired leader—demoniacally inspired, to be sure, but gifted with the same genius by which Mohammed and Genghiz were able to spur their followers into a frenzy of blood-lust that sent them to sweep the world. Under a Prince of the Powers of Darkness the Germans have fought well—but the democracies are fighting better under the leadership of plain men who have no traffic with demons, or djinni, or pagan gods. Winston Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Chiang Kai Shek would all be fish out of water and most uncomfortable at a *Walpurgisnacht,* and even Joseph Stalin was never suspected of consorting with any spirit more potent than Nicholas Lenin, who is now identified with Beelzebub only in our stuffier and more expensive clubs.

In short, the event has proved that freemen, once aroused in defense of their freedom, are capable of becoming more dangerous than the most formidable tyrants the world can produce. When this war is over, all the world will know that as long as freemen are sincerely dedicated to the defense of liberty, swift and complete destruction awaits any who is so foolhardy as to challenge liberty; and while that condition exists there will be few challenges. The free peoples unquestionably will have the power to enforce peace as long as they are determined to enforce it.

But the will to defend liberty springs largely from an emotional state, the love of liberty; and that, in turn, arises from appreciation of the heroism of those who won it. If Americans should go through this war blind to the glory of the common people who withstood the *blitzkrieg,* and who held Stalingrad, and who contested every mile of Chinese soil, they would never have the faintest conception of the value of what this generation is winning, and therefore they would have

(*Continued on page* 21)

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The Causes Men Fight For

COMMON CAUSE. By G. A. Borgese. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1943. *vi.,* 448 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ORDWAY TEAD

THIS is a book of spiritual evocation. The elevation of mood and of sentiment is in the tradition of Mazzini, of Edward Carpenter, of Walt Whitman. The sense of history is strong—almost overpowering. The knowledge of Europe is encyclopedic—almost to the point of becoming depressing. The faith in America—with the vividness and ardor of the adopted son—is challenging, heartening, humbling.

The central drive of the theme is toward the assertion of the common cause of man, the world around—common in a fraternal obligation transcending ties of race, religion, and nation. The purpose, says the author, is to show in "the weave of history" "the warp of guilt" and "the woof of hope."

The shuttle plies back and forth from past to present, from prominent personality to popular preconception. Hardly a familiar phase of contemporary influence is left uncharacterized—and each is etched with an aphorism or a thumb-nail sketch happy in verbal felicity. A great gift of phrase is here. As, for example, "much of nationalism is a way of life and thought dictated by gastronomy and phonetics;" "the new deals with Russia are new deals with ourselves;" "no act of life outranks the operation of the mind that pronounces what is dead to be dead;" "the remedies proposed in the democratic world are as a rule still palliatives. They belong in the category of alms-giving and official welfare." And many more that are equally quotable.

The book contains no plan, no blueprint. It is an excursion into the realms of spiritual and social values. The United Nations, Professor Borgese concludes, is a stillborn slogan until we "reach an upper level where (our leaders) agree on the essentials of religion—*i.e.,* the goals of civilization—as well as on the essentials of a social and economic order . . . to be held valid in the whole bodysoul of the human race."

The discussion of religion itself has a sweep and a fire which stir and describe wide arcs of vision. Catholicism, Judaism, and Protestantism each come in for a characterization incisive and candid. Catholics are bound to realize, says this prophet, "that the Middle Ages foundered in the effort of keeping separate the political issue from the theological." Judaism faces the "foregone conclusion of its lengthy strife between orthodoxy and reform." Protestantism with the "denominational partitions into which they cellulated their separations from the universal Church" has a "doctrinaire dryness" which deprives it "of what sensuous or poetic charm might still appeal in local cults." And of communism, a religious movement "whether it knows it or not," there is quoted approvingly the thought of a Catholic writer: "there is no spirituality that can be the adversary of revolution." Of the best in each facet of religious expression wisely sympathetic things are said. But the total spiritual affirmation of our times is a "phenomenon too ample to be expressed by the American Round Tables of Christians and Jews." Into the future does this author look for his salvation:—"the widest universality is revealed in the highest personality." For "the will and destiny of the common man must be expressed first by uncommon men." They are "revealed in the meteoric course of some superhuman personality—whose presence among us is yet undisclosed."

But this is by no means solely a religious utterance in the restricted sense. This tract for our times concludes on the note that there are "two pillars of truth and political science which (are) the gate to the future. One pillar says that there is no approach to the World Republic unless the English-speaking world and the Russian world come together in a full, profound, stable covenant of minds and hearts. The second says that the English-speaking world cannot do its part unless it rise again to its stature, live up to its character and call."

One important qualification is required upon this as upon so many of the zealous book offerings of our newly naturalized fellow-Americans. Their awareness of Europe is so intense, their historic range so fluent, that they bog down the ordinary American reader in an array of scholarship, references, quotations, and allusions, which all but inundate the thesis. This book has almost four hundred and fifty pages. Its pith is in the last third of these. The American reader will be put off from the wise things here by the very bulk and range of treatment. Shorter books, infused of course with a historic sense, are what we need, if the message of our newfound, European-scholar-citizens is to bear its full fruit among us less sophisticated Americans. Surely part of the common cause is to have explicated that cause so that thousands and not hundreds will pay attention and widen their sense of the commonalty of the cause of man. Such eloquence, virtue, and virtuosity as go out from this volume would be effective manyfold more, could it be half its length. More habituated Americans do indeed tend to forget the pricelessness of the heritage they possess. But they are not by way of being won back to it—and to the actions it implies—unless it is spelled out for them in a context not too unfamiliar, nor too protracted!

—Gregg in the Denver Post
"The Toughest Paperhanging Job Yet."

—Angelo in the Philadelphia Inquirer
"The New Order."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 503)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: *HOLIDAYS*

Year by year the rose-lipped maiden,
  Playfellow of young and old,
Was frolic sunshine . . .
  More dear to one than mines of gold.

Whither went the lovely hoyden?
  Disappeared in blessed wife;
Servant to a wooden cradle,
  Living in a baby's life.

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Two-on-the-Aisle to a Drama in Sicily

TO ALL HANDS. An Amphibious Adture. By John Mason Brown, Lieutenant, U.S.N.R. New York: Whittlesey House. 1943. 236 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

THIS trip to Sicily with John Mason Brown and a Task Force of the U. S. Navy is surely one of the strangest journeys any reader will ever undertake. It is an adventure: the kind of life-and-death adventure that only war can bring into men's lives. But it is more than that—it is a slice of history. John Mason Brown is the modern scribe who, through a ship's loudspeakers, told the men who fought the battle what was going on. His record will live in the hearts of those who read it as surely as it is remembered by all those who heard him speak, day after day, in the succession of broadcasts which were climaxed by D day, H hour.

It is a strange and compelling record, this history of a trip across the seas to a night landing on an alien, hostile shore. There is a dreamlike quality about it, a sense of time suspended in the days when these men traveled toward the climax of their months and years of training. At times like these some live each moment twice, some live for the present only, some for the future, others for the past; but all live as they never lived before, under the shadow of events in which they each and individually will play their part according to the character that their previous life has bred in them. No soldier or civilian who has faced such moments can ever forget them. Those who have, can best appreciate how well John Mason Brown has imparted this quality of life before danger to the reading world.

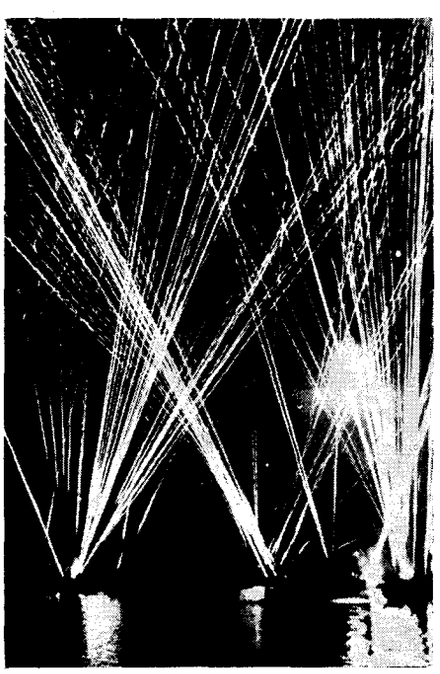
It was Lieutenant Brown's job to keep all hands aboard his ship informed of what was happening each day and to interpret to them the meaning of their journey. He was given this task by Rear Admiral Alan K. Kirk, commander of the Task Force and a leader of whom it can be rightfully said that he had the interests of every man aboard his ship at heart. "Only one man out of ten, you know," he said to Lieutenant Brown, "aboard a modern combat ship can see what is going on. I want you to do their seeing for them. After all, this is a democratic war, and I believe that men who are willing to give their lives for democracy have the right to be included in what's going on."

If Admiral Kirk had searched the length and breadth of the United States, he probably would not have found a man better qualified to carry out this democratic duty. The broadcasts were a frank experiment; the broadcaster was left to his own sense of how to work them out. It was no easy matter. Lieutenant Brown is an extremely articulate and erudite man, a literary scholar, author, and drama critic. His audience consisted of men from all walks of life. How should he speak to them? Should he talk down to them, be condescending? Should he make of himself a war-bound Walter Winchell, relaying to them the ship's gossip and the day's events in rapid-fire style? Or should he give them straight news, facts uncolored, unalive, and leave them to draw their conclusions?

Here is what he says of this question:

> There is only one rule for interesting people that I know of—and even it, alas, is not infallible—and this is to say to them as well as you can what interests you.
>
> Men may lack vocabularies, but men in danger share more thoughts than they are given credit for, because they share the same dilemma. Let death draw near and all men gathered together in twos or threes cease to be shy in their discussions either of it or of life. No school of philosophy can boast a better teacher than peril. . . .
>
> In my role of a water-soaked Woollcott, a sea-swept Pepys, a wet Swing, a moist Baedeker, a damp Greek messenger, and a damper Polonious, it was my hope to amuse and my duty to try to interest all these men. You cannot condescend to people you respect as much as I respect them.

Here then you have the result of these reflections. You will find quoted Shakespeare and Matthew Arnold, Henry Adams and William Hazlitt. You will find ancient and current history, biography, and geography, used to make the passing scene come alive for Lieutenant Brown's listeners. But above all you will find a master of reportage and the writing art, John Mason Brown.



Anti-aircraft fire makes geometric patterns off the Italian coast as Allied warships fight off a night air attack.

His feeling for words and metaphors is remarkable. German flares off Sicily on the landing night were to him "like street lamps having full-grown babies." He reminisces about "Sunday papers heavy enough to lay giants low with hernia." Destroyers are "Delilahs of the deep, with their trim, clean, ocean-cleaving lines." On a peaceful day at sea he describes "men . . . lolling on the decks with books open, living in those private worlds into the hearts of which books run special trains." The alarm horn of the ship, to him, screamed "like a giantess about to lose her honor."

These quotations are taken from prepared scripts, written in the leisure of the voyage across. They are an education in the careful, thoughtful use of words, in the subtle impartation of a mood. In these scripts Lieutenant Brown spoke not only of the day's events, large and small, serious and comical, but of the history of places which the Task Force touched, of flora and fauna of the sea and land, of character and habits of the natives. These were the days before the battle; what, then, of the battle itself?

No scripts could be prepared at D day, H hour. The Task Force reached Sicily in pitch-black darkness after a heavy storm, dropped anchor off a "small and dreary village—Scoglitti." In the last weird moments before the battle, and during the battle itself, Lieutenant Brown had to rely on notes scribbled large and hastily in the darkness, whipped into prose before the microphone on his quick trips below the Admiral's bridge to tell the men what was happening on and above the enemy shore.

John Mason Brown is one of war's best interpreters to the men who fight it. He does not lose himself in it; he does not dwell on blood and death, though he can look them in the eye and tell men what they are. He has, above all, an awareness of war's imperative to men once they are in it, which he expresses thus:

> D day and the days which follow it are days which offer no choice. They MUST succeed. They MUST succeed unless we wish this war to be lengthened by at least two years. They MUST succeed unless we want all this planning, all this meticulous preparation, this personal sacrifice, this effort, this money, this time, this tension, this danger, and this hope to have been squandered in vain.

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An Excursion in Error

THESAURUS OF THE ARTS. By Albert E. Wier. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 690 *pp.* $5.

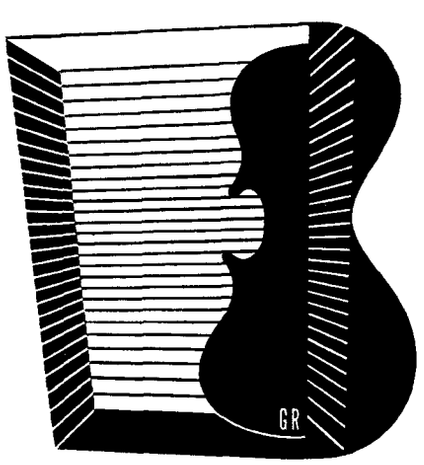
Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

IN a penetrating article (*SRL,* September 18) Howard Mumford Jones took issue with those of his colleagues who assume that the liberal arts will emerge from this war undamaged, ready for a new flourishing. His arguments are, unfortunately, only too well documented to be contradicted, and it behooves all of us to lend a hand to attain the "courageous refocusing of values in general education" through which Mr. Jones hopes to offset the prevailing trend toward a mere vocational training.

One of the most powerful weapons in the achievement of this aim is, of course, the proper kind of literature in the hands of students and teachers. To be sure there is an almost endless stream of textbooks and essays on "the arts," but most of these tend to specialize within sharply delineated boundaries. In this connection Mr. Jones remarks that "whereas in scientific training departmentalization is . . . an extraordinary source of strength, in the humanties . . . (it) . . . is an extraordinary source of weakness." A very shrewd observation, indeed, for this state of affairs has led to an estrangement of arts and letters. Of late in a number of our universities departments of comparative literature and divisions of fine arts and music have been established and there seems to be a general interest even among the public at large in "correlating" the manifestations of our civilization. This interest has produced a number of large scale works typical of which was van Loon's "The Arts." It is unnecessary here to pass judgment on the qualities of that curious book; it is a fact that it was avidly taken up by the public, and with all its grotesque shortcomings did some good.

Putnam's now announces the "Thesaurus of the Arts"; "the first and only complete reference work ever published on all the great fields of the arts." The student of the arts must stand with bowed head, humbly marvelling at the courage of anyone attempting to shoulder such a Herculean task; "Drama — Music — Radio — Painting — Screen — Television — Literature — Sculpture — Architecture — Ballet." The publishers expressly claim that this great work supplies "a liberal education in the arts"; the very thing in the defense of which the distinguished dean of the Graduate School of Harvard University issued his warning. The author, Mr. Wier, is known as a musician of some sort and the compiler of popular song anthologies and collections of violin and piano pieces. Now Mr. Wier gives the literary accolade to the universe. The result is a dictionary of musical atrocities, architectural boners, literary omissions, sculptural and pictorial platitudes, and detailed biographical data on the denizens of Hollywood. A truly shameless paste and scissors job executed with a total lack of plan and procedure, a total absence of judgment and sense of proportion. Still, the worst feature of the book is not its incompetence and primitiveness, but its utter futility. Dr. van Loon can impart misinformation galore, but with it he conveys a certain enthusiasm which carries his readers at least within sight of Parnassus; Mr. Wier's book has the charm and warmth of a trade journal.

Music and the screen claim a disproportionate share in the Thesaurus; literature and the arts are restricted to lexicographic entries obtained from current manuals. These subject headings seldom go beyond giving name and dates plus a few titles and there was little chance for the author to go wrong on them, but he made the most of it. The usual entry reads like this: "Rousseau, Jean Jacques (1712-1778), French philosopher, and author of books on a variety of subjects." Then follow a few titles at random. That's all. Why, the "Petit Larousse" is more exhaustive! Occasionally the author "correlates": "Saint-Pierre, Bernardin de (1737-1814), French author who was intimate with Jean Jacques Rousseau." The really fascinating moments are when the author supplements or edits the data supplied by his subcontractors. "Duhamel, Georges (1884-) French novelist, playwright, poet and essayist who performed more than two thousand operations as a volunteer surgeon during World War I. Among his works are . . ." This, I suppose, is the human touch. Mr. Wier is well aware of the fact that there are more complicated personalities than M. Duhamel, who after all was somewhat one-sided with his passion for operations. Thus Heine was a "German poet and dramatist who studied for the bar, but never practised, and led a life filled with family troubles. . . ." However, such flashes of compassion are rare, at least with the men of letters, who cannot compete with the heroes of the Grease Paint (which see). Thus Homer is topped by Louise Homer, Christopher Marlowe by Julia of the same name, Shakespeare by another William, a nineteenth century singing teacher, and Edwin Arlington Robinson by Edward G. (Little Caesar) Robinson. The omissions are numerous, but are unfailingly compensated for by other outstanding personalities. A few picked at random will illustrate this interesting study in values. Henri Bergson is replaced by Edgar Bergen and his dummy, Hölderlin yields to the Hollywood Bowl, Benedetto Croce to Bing Crosby, Paul Valéry to Rudy Vallee, etc., etc.



As we turn to architecture we discover that "the fundamental principles of Gothic architecture were the elimination of all superfluous construction and the substitution of wood for stone . . .". "Norman," "Byzantine," or "Tuscan" architecture is not mentioned and we could find nothing under the headings "Doric" or "Corinthian." The painters and sculptors are there, each with his dates and a few titles of his works. Sometimes they are succinctly characterized, as is Degas, who "never wearied of painting contemporary life," at others the information becomes quite technical, as in the case of Cimabue: "On the basis of such evidence as exists, some authorities consider Cimabue the father of modern painting." However, all that Frans Hals rates is: "Dutch painter who studied with Karel van Mander." If by any chance a painter or man of letters is involved in some scandal or is guilty of a "dissipated life" he escapes the brevity of the epitaph.

The musical section, by far the largest, is an unbelievable collection of misinformation and downright stupidity. A few samples will suffice: "All the great masters except Handel made good use of the bassoon—The Well Tempered Clavichord consists of twenty-four preludes and fugues—Monody developed into opera and oratorio, and finally into symphony, suite, and concerto—Bach's B minor Mass follows the text of the German Lutheran Mass—The chromatic scale is a scale containing all the tones employed in ordinary music—Rubato calls for pro-

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longing the notes in the right hand and accelerating the ones in the left hand—The Madrigal was first harmonized like a hymn tune." The list is endless.

The proportions in the various articles are something to behold. Duncan Phyfe, Phidias, Petrarch, and Perugino all put together barely rate the half column devoted to the Philadelphia Opera Company (1926); Ravel's Bolero occupies twenty-three lines against the single line allotted to the Florentine Baptistery; Sam Goldwyn outdoes Goethe and van Gogh put together.

This handsome Thesaurus, heralded as a rich meaty stew of the arts is but an unsavory thin brew, with some particles of meat floating on the surface. But the work will be on the shelves of our college and public libraries and it will be consulted by people attracted by the enticing aroma of its title. We pity the distinguished publishing house for having been compromised in such a literary *faux pas*. Mr. Wier concocted a few years ago a gigantic dictionary of music but carefully refrains from mentioning it in his own bibliography in the Thesaurus, for the dictionary blew up in a burst of error; there ought to be a Baumes Act for fourth offenders in letters.

Dr. Kunkel's Psychological Concepts

IN SEARCH OF MATURITY. By Fritz Kunkel. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 292 *pp. with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

THIS book begins with a parable about a burglar with a broken leg. The physician can set the bone and use his art to encourage the leg to mend, but it is none of his business as a doctor to dissuade the burglar from attaining a mastery of his trade. The preacher can pray for the patient and endeavor to turn his talents to righteous employment, but even he, a man of God, is powerless to minister to a mind diseased. A complete cure requires one other practitioner and he, of course, follows the author's profession, psychotherapeutic depth psychology. The theme of the book may thus be discerned both from the parable and from the author's own statements, and amounts to "Put your trust in God, but have a psychologist around in time of emergency."

The kind of psychology which Dr. Kunkel espouses, however, has nothing in common with natural science and only a little with traditional psychoanalysis, although the influence of Jung is apparent. Rather it is a new brew which carries the label of "We--Psychology" and which reaches its fulfillment when the Self equals the We equals God. The human mind contains a Self, an Ego, and a Shadow as parts of its anatomy and the latter two, like the black villains of melodrama, constantly lie in wait to destroy the purity and integrity of the Self. In order to help the Self to develop its full stature a process of self-education is necessary, and this process is discussed in the final section of the book under such titles—with accompanying diagrams—as "The Original We-Experience." "The Egocentric Group," "Conquering the Giants," "Exploring the Dog-House," "Awakening 'Sleeping Beauty,'" "Organizing the Organizer," and "The Natural and the Spiritual We-Experience." The author concludes that the main principles which should govern our self-education are creativity, freedom, faith, polarity, tolerance, and forgiveness.

All this, unfortunately, is as simple and as sweetly unreasonable as most lay sermons. Since Dr. Kunkel's psychological concepts are as metaphysical as the ordinary religious ones, it is difficult to take his lessons seriously. The book may have some inspirational value for "deeply deviated" people who need to find "a way out," but a psychological system it definitely is not. It may possibly be considered a kind of therapeutics, but so may Christian Science and Rosicrucianism, to say nothing of the teachings of mystics and healers who dwell in back streets from Pittsburgh to Los Angeles. Those who prefer an empirical psychology to a cloud-cuckoo land of fanciful notions, will not find this book intellectually satisfying.

Henry Emerson Wildes

Meticulous Businessman

LONELY MIDAS, THE STORY OF STEPHEN GIRARD. By Henry Emerson Wildes. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 372 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

STEPHEN Girard is remembered not so much for his life as for his death—and above all for his famous will which was of such interest to his contemporaries that it was pirated and hawked on the streets of Philadelphia a few days after the ancient and unloved body of its wealthy testator had been placed in a burial vault. Yet Girard's career holds all the fascination of a Balzac novel, for this transplanted Frenchman spent his long life gaining money and power, and in the end he found no one worthy of receiving his great fortune except unborn generations of poor orphan boys. He endowed the college that still bears his name, and the dollars he had hoarded at last became useful.

Born in France of a family for which he never had any love, Girard spent his adolescent years at sea, settled in Philadelphia just before the American Revolution, and immediately began to do the one thing he was best fitted for—make money.

The woman he married became insane, and because of the divorce laws of the time, the meaningless union could not be dissolved. A succession of pretty housekeepers was Girard's disdainful answer to the problem.

Meanwhile the money kept rolling in. The Revolution was profitable and the War of 1812 even more so. Girard agents were active in every major port. The money master was slow to pay and quick to collect. His methods were not always scrupulous: his captains bribed custom officials, and their manifests were often false.

Yet when the yellow fever epidemic of 1793 struck Philadelphia, Stephen Girard took charge and organized the hospitals and sanitation measures. He was always loyal to his adopted country, raising large sums of money for the Government when it could not obtain funds, and he slowly developed a keen sense of civic duty.

This meticulous businessman never threw anything away. Every document, no matter how trivial, was carefully preserved and is still on file in the archives of the college he founded. Mr. Wildes has had access to the Girard documents and has cast new light on his subject's private life. His biography of Stephen Girard is as detailed as any one could wish, and it gives a rounded picture of the man.

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France's Impish Tiger

CLEMENCEAU. By Geoffrey Bruun. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1943. 219 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

NO better evidence that history needs constant reappraisal can be found than in the change of attitude towards the Versailles peace treaty which the events and research of the last few years have brought about. A whole generation was brought up to accept as the orthodox liberal position that the treaties at the end of the last war were vindictive, draconic, Carthaginian—the adjective could not be too strong. When the day comes for scholars to determine the origins of this war, they will find it necessary not only to consider questions of war guilt, but also the amazing guilt complex of the democracies which perhaps as much as any other single factor was responsible for the apathy and lethargy of our defense against Germany's chauvinism.

Of the individuals most immediately associated in the public mind with the formulation of the peace pacts, Georges Clemenceau, the "Tiger" of France, has come to epitomize harshness in the victor and unrelenting desire for revenge. We remember John Maynard Keynes's description of him as he appeared in 1918, "throned in his gray gloves, in the brocade chair, dry in soul and empty of hope, very old and tired, but surveying the scene with a cynical and almost impish air. . ."

His zealous patriotism, his indifference to the League, and his withering realism, in contradistinction to the worldmindedness and idealism of Wilson, have made him the subject of bitter attack and endless dispute. His role as head of the French government in the years of war and peace-making was of such significance to the world at large that it has forgotten his great place in the history of the Third Republic.

It would be frightfully obvious to stress the timeliness of a biography of France's "Père la Victoire." Yet one cannot help thinking of historical parallels between the early forties of the twentieth century and its late teens, both in terms of events and personalities—of such historical "ifs" as what would have happened to France if there had been a Clemenceau in 1940 as there was in 1917. Any biography of Clemenceau, therefore, should find a receptive reading public purely on the basis of its subject matter. But one written by Professor Geoffrey Bruun, the author of "Europe and the French Imperium," "Saint Just," "Apostle of Terror," and several other first-rate and important historical studies can be expected to be scholarly and brilliant. And this volume, the third in the Makers of Modern Europe series, definitely deserves those adjectives. Mr. Bruun is not only one of the most competent American historians in his field of study, but also he is one of that very small and select company of scholars who can be said to have style, who appreciate the literary tradition of their craft as well as its method and discipline. His book is a delight to read both for the fascination of its subject and the vividness of its analysis of men and matters during the eighty-eight years of Clemenceau's crowded life.

It is not intended to be a definitive biography. The time is not yet ripe for that. All passions are not spent, and all the documentary materials have not been collected. But it is exactly what the author intended it to be, "a pertinent appraisal of a European statesman whose significance has increased steadily in contemporary estimation since his death in 1929, and whose heroic devotion to the sterner democratic ideals has not yet been adequately honored in America or in Europe." Professor Bruun finds in Clemenceau three outstanding qualities, ruthless realism, courage, and idealism. This last will surprise some who will suspect a labored paradox. But actually this man, who as a medical student had ministered to the poor, who gave Zola his title for "J'accuse" and with him fought the corrupt anti-Semitism of the anti-Dreyfusards, possessed "a crusty, harsh and practical idealism" whose chief incident of more professed humanitarians was that "their verbs were all in the future tense."

He had too, the zest, the gusto, the capacity for work and effort that more often than not mark the genius and the great man. His delight in phrase-making, his *élan*, his role of bad boy in French politics are all part of the Clemenceau legend. Bruun has caught this side of the man and records it with the vigor it deserves. He illumines these traits as he traces the life of Clemenceau from his birth in a Vendéean village to his death while revising his last book, a defense of his official acts and decisions. Bruun has captured, too, Clemenceau's other side, that lonely, insecure self from which the statesman could never escape, that accounts perhaps for the intractability found not only in his public life, but in his private—in his repudiated marriage, his gruffness towards his children, his lack of tenderness so often at odds with the generosity of his emotions.

The public career of this great

—From the cartoon by Dulac in "The Outlook" (1919).
"M. Clemenceau's first wound stripe."

Frenchman spanned the years between two great crises in French history—each one involving a war with Germany—the Franco-Prussian War and the First World War. Both in France and in the world at large they were turbulent decades. Professor Bruun describes them as the relevant background to his biography. The struggle for a balance of power between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, the numerous crises in foreign affairs as the two sides took their places for the inevitable Armageddon, the domestis politics in France as ministry succeeded ministry to meet the problems of social reform, of Church versus State, of political corruption—all are here presented to highlight Clemenceau's role and character. Poincaré, Foch, Pershing, Lloyd George, Gambetta, the others appear in fresh array as they are seen beside the "Tiger."

Out of these materials Geoffrey Bruun has created a picture of France and the rest of Europe that should attract the attention of everyone interested not only in 1918 but in 1943 and 1944, a portrait of Clemenceau less harsh than some previous ones, for it is taken from an angle made different by the exigencies of recent history. It is a convincing study that agrees with that of another historian, Winston Churchill, who wrote in 1937 ". . . it is already certain that Clemenceau was one of the world's great men."

Current tenor of Nazi propaganda is reflected in questions asked by German prisoners recently brought to the U. S. Here are samples:

"Can I see the bombed ruins of Chicago?"

"Have the Indians attacked Washington lately?"

"Are the Japs still bombing San Diego every night?"—*Parade.*

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The Author as Officer

EAST COAST CORVETTE. By Nicholas Monsarrat, Lieutenant, R.N.V.R. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 153 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by P. R. SEVALL

SHE was swinging at her buoy out in the river when her First Lieutenant came aboard, and she was ready then to sail on another slow, perilous journey along the east coast of England. She was, the Lieutenant found, a fine ship: twin-screwed, in looks and performance like a small destroyer, clean of line, sound of hull, encouraging of armament. She was also, the Lieutenant was to find, a "happy ship" and one on which her officers and men could depend because they could depend on each other.

This was H.M.S. *Dipper* as First Lieutenant Nicholas Monsarrat found her when he came aboard to take over the job of Executive Officer. He came to *Dipper* and the East Coast run from two years in a corvette sailing the Western Approaches, which to an English sailor means the North Atlantic Ocean at its worst. He came, he says, "ready to welcome the second course of a meal which so far has been all wind and gristle, piled rather high on the plate." He came also with an established reputation as an author (of "H.M. Corvette") and found that an enterprising ex-book salesman in the crew had sold the men 262 copies of this work. That posed a problem in discipline, he found: "How can you deal severely with a man who has just asked you for your autograph?", but he managed to keep up his reputation as an officer despite this. He certainly has kept his reputation as an author, for this book about *Dipper* is a fine, sensitive, informative, and neatly humorous bit of work which is well worth the reading.

Lieutenant Monsarrat, in fact, has found a new approach to the war, one which will give delight to readers long after the grimmer, more conventional approach will have lost its appeal after the war's end. Perhaps because he is a sailor, his writing is cleaner and fresher than most. A sailor's peril, while no less than that of a soldier of the other forces, comes in swift, sharp doses with long periods of inactive routine between. These are periods for reflection, for development of the close relationship between men confined in the restricted space of a small vessel, for study of men's characters, periods which require, among other things, a sense of balance and of humor to keep the ship on her toes.

In this book about life aboard H.M.S. *Dipper* Lieutenant Monsarrat shows he has both these senses. He gives us no running narrative of excitement at sea, but a really fascinating study of how a small ship works. As Executive Officer he has to know this, down to the last detail. *Dipper* had her share of adventure, too, and she met her combat hours well. But much more to the point, as Lieutenant Monsarrat shows, is the story of how she became a "happy ship." This, as he explains, "grows out of innumerable small things. It is as potent as love. Multiplied, it explains the Royal Navy."

For instance, this "good" example of how bad blood between two departments on board may start:

> I was demonstrating a tear-gas bomb to a party of newly-joined seaman. . . . Unfortunately I had placed myself, without noticing, just under the lee of a large engine-room ventilator, and when the bomb went off a compact cloud of gas, never deviating or losing consistency, moved across the cowling and was sucked down in one deep breath.... There was a short pause—one of those pauses when you know that something's *got* to happen: then the entire engine-room personnel started to pour out of the hatchway. . . .
>
> I might have been able to explain it away smoothly as an unfortunate accident, had not a rather intelligent-looking ordinary seaman remarked:
>
> "That was a good example of a concentrated attack, sir. Can we see one in the open air now?"

Multiplied, that sort of thing made *Dipper,* in days of swinging round the buoy, or on routine patrol, or in hot combat. Multiplied, it makes up this book, a loosely-conversational, always interesting, frequently mirthful mosaic of life aboard in wartime. It has its serious side, too, as *Dipper's* job had—the time, for instance, when the ship scoured the waters for a night and a day in search of men adrift from a sunken destroyer, finding only a handful of them, coming into the harbor with a sense of frustration, rage, sadness, and pity: "Today, on that particular job, we had failed." It has its serious side, too, in the chapter on "What Sailors Think and Say" ("War-time strikes seem a mixture of blackmail and pure treason"; "Food-wasters, petrol-wanglers . . . to sailors . . . are rats and we are the saps who keep them alive"; "Politics. . . .Virtually nothing to report here"). The Lieutenant gives his readers a good deal of food for thought here that will not be too easily digestible for some easy-going landlubbers.

But mostly this is a quiet, unpretentious, intensely human little book about a ship and the men who sail her. Probably few would call it important, but few could fail to agree that it is a refreshing change from the day-to-day fare of wartime authorship.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

UNUSUAL DEATHS IN LITERATURE

The ten literary figures briefly described below met death in diverse and unusual ways. Can you identify these people and the stories in which their deaths occurred? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 18.

1. Bruises received when he fell off a ladder while superintending the hanging of some draperies resulted in painful suffering and finally death from cancer.
2. Grief-stricken parents followed the footprints of this little girl, who had been lost in a snowstorm, until they ended in the middle of a narrow bridge.
3. Playing hide-and-seek with her husband on their wedding night this 15-year-old bride hid herself in a covered oak chest and wasn't found until fifty years later.
4. Brought up on poison by her scientist father, she was immune to them, but she died when her boy friend gave her an antidote.
5. Following the orders of his father, this youthful hero refused to abandon ship and perished in the flames.
6. While plodding through a snowstorm to a New Year's Eve party at which she intended to denounce her husband, this barmaid took an overdose of laudanum and died in the snow.
7. So modest was this virtuous maiden that she chose to go down with a sinking ship rather than remove her clothing to make it possible for a sailor to swim ashore with her.
8. Because he shot a sleeping comrade, this sailor was hanged in the presence of his company.
9. Put under hypnosis as he was on the verge of dying, he was brought out of it several months later and promptly rotted away before the astonished onlookers.
10. A light sifting of soot and an oily yellow substance dripping from the window sill were the first indications of this man's death by spontaneous combustion.

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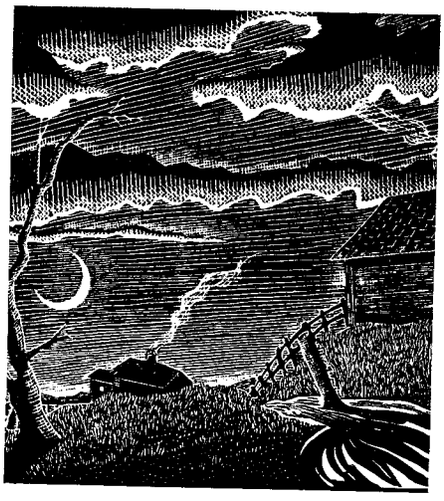
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF IDEAS

Editor's Note: *One of the most important and, unfortunately, one of the most unsung books of our generation, in the opinion of the editors, is "The Human Situation," by W. Macneile Dixon, a series of philosophical essays published six years ago by Longmans, Green. The following guest editorial is drawn from that book.*

IDEAS are the most mysterious things in a mysterious world. Not so long ago men were convinced that science would save us, or universal suffrage would save us, or education for everyone would save us. Now it is universal peace that will bring about the millennium. *O sancta simplicitas!* During the Middle Ages, the ages of the soul, men believed in God, in themselves as sinful and in need of salvation. They had no doctrine of progress, never supposed that by any human efforts could the world be saved. They put their trust in their Creator and a better world to come. Then arrived the Renaissance with a new and captivating bundle of ideas, which exalted the European mind to an ecstasy of delight. The previous ideas were amusingly crude and mistaken. Here at last was the final truth. Man was not by nature sinful, and consequently not in need of salvation. God was an unnecessary hypothesis. No other world than the present existed, which could by the proper use of reason be transformed by human exertions into an earthly paradise.

How unforeseen and startling are the alterations in opinion, how strange these secular revolutions! What changes in heaven or earth, you ask, or in the conditions of human life brought about this remarkable revolution? You may well ask. No change of any kind in the natural world. The sun and stars rose and set as they had ever done. The winds blew and ocean rolled; calms and tempests succeeded each other; heat and cold, health and disease, joy and sorrow, birth and death—all the circumstances of human life remained unaltered. The change, the astonishing transformation took place in the inner world of the mind or heart of humanity. An idea, a faith was inexplicably born. A thought took shape, and went forth conquering and to conquer. We talk of the origin of cultures and civilizations, but where have new and happy, or for that matter misleading thoughts their origin? Are they whispered by the winds, or do their seeds fall out of some other planet to take root in the soil of our souls? I find the origin of ideas as perplexing as the origin of mutations or species. They exhibit a similar suddenness. They are beyond prediction. They appear to have a life of their own, independent of space and time, and to come and go at their own good pleasure. "A passion," said Hume, "is an original existence." We have natural histories of plants and animals, but the natural history of ideas remains to be written. It should be done. For they are living and powerful entities of some kind, and as infective as fevers. Some, like flowers, are the creatures of an hour; others of a prodigious vitality, root themselves, like oaks, in the soil of human nature for a thousand years. Ideas, like individuals, live and die. They flourish, according to their nature, in one soil or climate, and droop in another. They are the vegetation of the mental world.

Mankind, as I fancy, is committed to a long journey. Knowledge and wisdom are of slow growth, as history is witness, and the universe offers an extensive field of inquiry. No one can say what awaits us. Not, we have found reason to believe, unbroken felicity, yet on the other hand the possibility of very great felicity. The omens are not all unfavorable. It was the fair ivory gate that sent forth the false, and the gate of horn the true dreams. You may insist that the present and visible world is the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end of all things as far as we ourselves are concerned. For that conclusion there are arguments in plenty. "Death," said Aristotle, "is a dreadful thing, for it is the end." Take that view and you cannot but think poorly and despairingly of the whole creation. To many minds it appears so certain a truth as to require no demonstration, and the contrary so preposterous a fancy as not to be worth discussion—as not for a moment to be entertained. If you know of course you know. But there is knowledge and there is also a different thing, opinion. A fixed idea has great advantages. Your mind is at rest, and you are under no necessity either to defend it, or to consider further evidence on the matter. For myself I have no affection for fixed ideas. My distrust of them, as of all that appears certain and obvious, is profound. Had I been present at the birth of this planet I would probably not have believed on the word of an archangel that the blazing sun, the incandescent whirlpool there before our eyes at a temperature of fifty million degrees, would presently set about the establishment of empires and civilizations, that it was on its way to produce Greek art and Italian painting, would tolerate such things as music and mathematics, make room for optimists and pessimists, admit the arrival of Homers, Beethovens, and Napoleons. I would have listened most respectfully to the archangel, who predicted these singular occurrences, but I would have whispered to myself—"He is a romantic." So it is that I have become a confirmed sceptic in respect of precipitate and headlong conclusions. I say to myself, "If things half as improbable happen in time to come there will be plenty to talk about."



The universe does not deal in things that mortals expect, and when a fixed idea makes its appearance, as Nietzsche would say, a great ass makes its appearance. The only incredibility, as it seems to me, and the only impossibility is that the Cosmos contradicts itself. If by the use of reason we declare it unreasonable we are thrust back upon the question, "How did this reason arrive in an unreasonable world?" Yet whatever our attachment to reason, and we cannot be too greatly attached to it, let us remember that the secret of the world's everlasting interest lies precisely here, that you cannot explain it, and never know what is going to happen next. This is the source of our unabating hope and never-dying expectation.

W. Macneile Dixon.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Picture History of Man

SIR: Defeat of Hitler will in no way augur future peace for the wishful world. The conditions of doubt, ignorance, prejudice, and suspicion among the masses, and of ineffectual, egotistic intellectualism, or mere greed, among the elite, will be much the same as they were when Hitler profited by them. Read "Mein Kampf" and see the source of his success. Ignorance, which permits a Hitler to build his structure of lies and half-truths, is the basic condition which must be changed if constructive effort is to replace war.

There is now available the means to dispel ignorance. By moving pictures every individual in the world, even illiterates, can be taught the true history of man, unforgettably, and can be shown the goals to which constructive effort will lead us, in contrast to the repugnant ends that fascism and other hatemanias would accomplish.

Yes, it would be a breath-takingly big job. The movie history of man might cost as much as the total of all the movies produced in America during the last five years, but hardly more than that. Not a large fraction of the war's cost, or of the world's annual income. The picture would certainly be many hours, perhaps days and weeks long, having to be shown serially. It would require the combined talents and resources of many studios and writers, tremendous research.

The board of historians responsible for its accuracy would have to represent a fair diversity of nations and viewpoints. To secure freedom from bias, it might be necessary to tell the story from the viewpoint of an imaginary and long-sighted Eskimo.

The technical problems are admittedly staggering, and I don't pretend to understand them. But I believe we can be confident of the result if we try hard enough to produce the picture. At first an epitome of the story could be produced, then elaborated into the whole. The complete story must be told, as it has never before been told, and as no single man alive now knows it. We all need to learn.

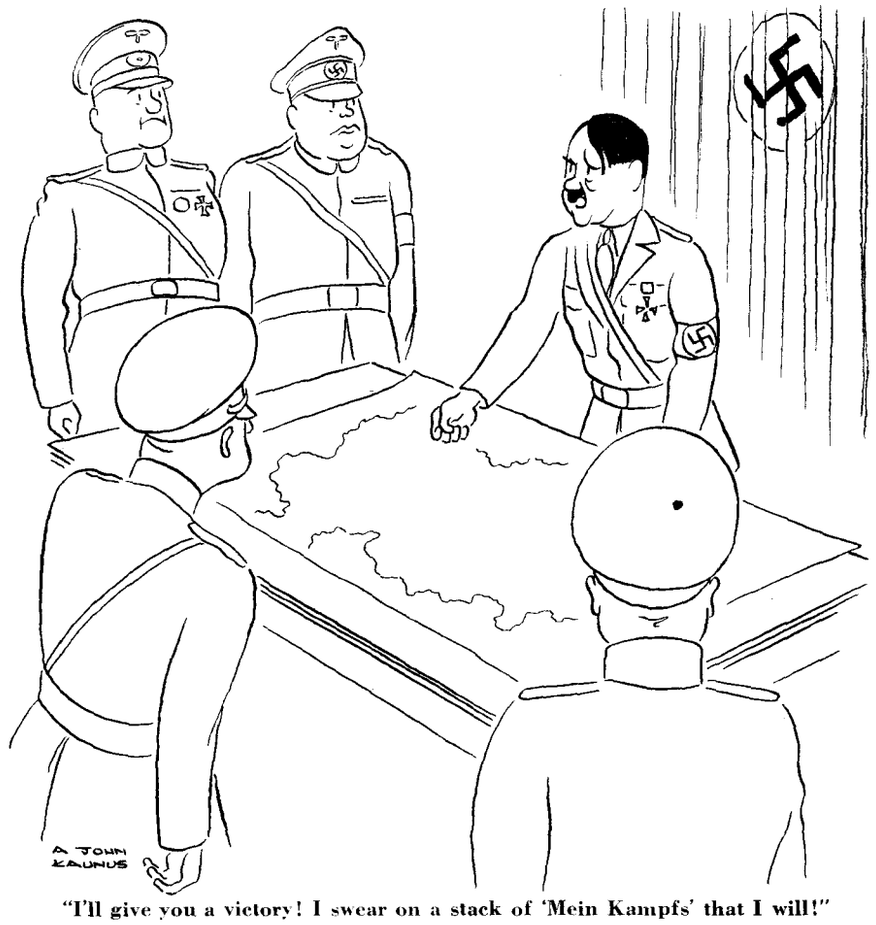
The picture could start with the present and go back to prehuman times, then come forward more slowly and thoroughly, continent by continent, era by era, going on beyond the present to show the choices of future available to us. The epitome would be useful in the final presentation to maintain perspective, strengthen the over-all impression, and summarize the story. A better scenario may occur to you. There are people skilled in these matters.

The first step is to get the project under way, by organizing for its planning and promotion. A committee appointed by the governments of China, Russia, Britain, and America would be a logical beginning. Time flies, and the embryos of future wars are already wriggling in the swamps and sewers of the world. We must start. When completed, this picture will be shown under government auspices all over the world, to every person possible, again and again. All children must be educated with it. It offers a good chance for all people to share the same interpretation of history, instead of infinitely varying distortions. Its lessons must sink into world consciousness before some successful dictator can blight the search for truth, as a triumphant Hitler would.

What do you think of this plan?

ROBERT D. FRANKLIN.

Nov. 5, 1943.



"I'll give you a victory! I swear on a stack of 'Mein Kampfs' that I will!"

Book Revivals

SIR: Ordway Tead's comment on "The National Being," by George Russell (AE), in the review of "Education for American Democracy" makes more than just good sense to me. I recently bought the last two copies I could find of this book and resold one to a friend. In these days a periodical like yours contributes something to what we are fighting for by agitating for republication of such books. Then there's Henry A. Wallace's "Whose Constitution?" written when he was Secretary of Agriculture. Book revivals ought to meet with as much success as film revivals. One thing is certain. Slowly audiences are growing which appreciate common sense. Republication of "The National Being" and "Whose Constitution?" would find reception by the type of readers who are sincere and their number is growing today.

PRESTON KING SHELDON.

Flushing, L. I.

To Santa

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: Do you think you could arrange with the stewards of our radio waves to make this Yuletide present to the country: no advertising on the air from noon Christmas Eve until midnight Christmas? No chants, no slogans, no products, no adjectives; just the sponsor's name.

What better Christmas gift could you bring America than such a refreshing pause from persuasion? And if you do bring it, who knows but what some such sanity clause will become a part of all radio contracts thereafter? BOBBY TIREDEARS.

The Literary Crypt

SIR: Must we push erudition to the point of insanity; the last cryptogram took me two days to unravel.

CARLTON P. DUNBAR.

Altoona, Pa.

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TRADE Winds

MANY COLUMNS AGO I described the outbreak of a red-hot battle for supremacy among the book sections of the Chicago papers, and promised to report developments. The first anniversary of *The Chicago Sun's* new tabloid book section seemed a fitting occasion for the publication of this report. I wrote what I believed to be a fair summary, but knowing that I was toying with dynamite, took the precaution of sending advance proofs to a number of trusted friends in Chicago newspaper offices and bookstores. Their prompt and very heated replies persuaded me that my piece needed rewriting. The fact that the paragraphs you are reading here differ widely from my original comments is due neither to high pressure nor fear, believe me, but to additional facts that I have learned in the past fortnight.

In the first place, I discovered that few Chicagoans are able to present an unbiased report on the local newspaper situation. Most of the Chicago literary world shares with me such a hearty repugnance for the political ideas of *The Chicago Tribune's* Colonel McCormick that it cannot judge the book section impartially and coolly. The facts that the Colonel, to date at any rate, has made no visible effort to impose his obnoxious ideas on his literary editor and that *The Tribune* book section has been stepped up from two pallid pages to eight sparkling and attractive ones are passed by with a shrug. By a similar obeisance to emotion and sympathy, and disregard for black and white results, a great many bookmen are ready to blink at the many serious shortcomings of *The Sun,* to take the will for the deed, and to hint that any favorable comment on a *Tribune* activity shows "Fascist sympathies" on my part. In the light of what I have written in previous Trade Winds columns, I do not think I need defend myself on this point.

In the second place, however, my original comparison of *The Sun* and *Tribune* book pages, in which, it must now be obvious, I gave the palms to *The Tribune,* overlooked important factors. *The Sun* is printed today on the presses of *The Chicago News.* When the war is over, the first new giant presses made will be delivered to *The Chicago Sun.* Until that time, allowances must be made for the undistinguished, lackluster appearance of *The Sun* literary supplement—one of the major criticisms leveled against it. The editor of *The Sun* "Book Week," A. C. Spectorsky, has been hampered by an over-obstreperous advertising department, and mistakes that are to be expected of any new organization. "Spec" is a first-rate editor. I have been assured personally by Marshall Field and his very convincing advertising manager, Wallace Brooks, that *The Sun* book section is here to stay, that Spectorsky will be backed to the limit, that past mistakes will be rectified, and the advice of experienced book people sought and followed. Let's wait and see! Entering its second year, the section leaves plenty of room for improvement. It should never be cut to fewer than twelve pages. It needs more halftones and livelier headlines. Another bright literary column or two would inject desperately needed vigor and bounce. "Spec" can do the job if he is given a clear hand. *The Tribune* Sunday book review, meanwhile, has been making hay. Fanny Butcher clamored for years for a section of this sort, but McCormick paid heed only after he had been prodded by his fanatically resented competitor. Fred Babcock and Miss Butcher have now stepped up the book pages to a point where they completely dominate the magazine section. The reviews have been vigorous, independent, and intelligent. Harry Hansen, Vincent Starrett, Charles Collins, and Babcock and Miss Butcher themselves, have contributed weekly columns that are uniformly interesting.

The bitter battle being waged between Chicago's morning newspapers inevitably involved *The Evening News* in the role of innocent bystander. *The News* suffered a temporary jolt when Sterling North, who has a tremendous following in the Mid-West, pulled up stakes and headed East. David Appel, who was rushed from *The Cleveland News* (where his reviews still appear) to fill the breach, has done a job that would have made him the talk of the town if attention had not been focused on the main bout. *The News* can afford to wait until that bout is decided. Many Chicagoans believe, in fact, that the entire *News* staff is content to mark time until its hard-bitten proprietor, Frank Knox, gets back from a little job at sea that he is superintending.

The net result of the situation has been a boon to the book business in the entire Middle West. The publishers have always supported *The News* liberally, and can be counted upon to give the same support to *The Sun,* particularly if promised improvements are carried out. Furthermore, publisher after publisher, long averse to placing advertisements in a sheet whose front page too often sounds like hand-outs from Dr. Goebbels, is reluctantly including *The Tribune* in his Chicago appropriations. This trend will continue as long as *The Tribune* book section retains its present size and its complete independence of McCormick's editorial supervision.

Trade Winds will be happy to print in future columns any pertinent letters from Chicago residents on a situation that will continue to absorb the book world for a long time to come. . . .

COMING WEEKS are likely to witness a considerable shake-up in publishers' advertising plans, not only in Chicago, but throughout the country. Space in the New York dailies is being rationed more and more drastically. The publishers will find it hard to find excuses for holding back the money they simply cannot spend in the daily editions of *The New York Times* and *Tribune* from papers in other cities which have consistently given book news a break, but never received the material support they deserved from the publishers. Editors of papers outside New York always have claimed that book publishers favored local dailies so heavily just because they could see the "ads" themselves over their own breakfast tables, that the same "ads" in Cleveland, St. Louis, Portland, and Dallas would pull just as well, and cost less. Wartime conditions now seem likely to give them the opportunity to prove their point. . . .

JIM THURBER'S new book, "Men, Women, and Dogs" is simply wonderful. It is thrust into the hands of every visitor to my home; I then hang over the back of the chair, sharing in the merriment, and breathing perchance down the enraptured visitor's neck. (I cannot stand it when anybody tries that routine out on me.) The casual reader is urged to skip by the introduction, which begins "When the Reaper has swung his scythe through my neck. . . . I want to be buried on a traveled thoroughfare through a wildly popular cemetery. Above me I want a big white stone, on which I

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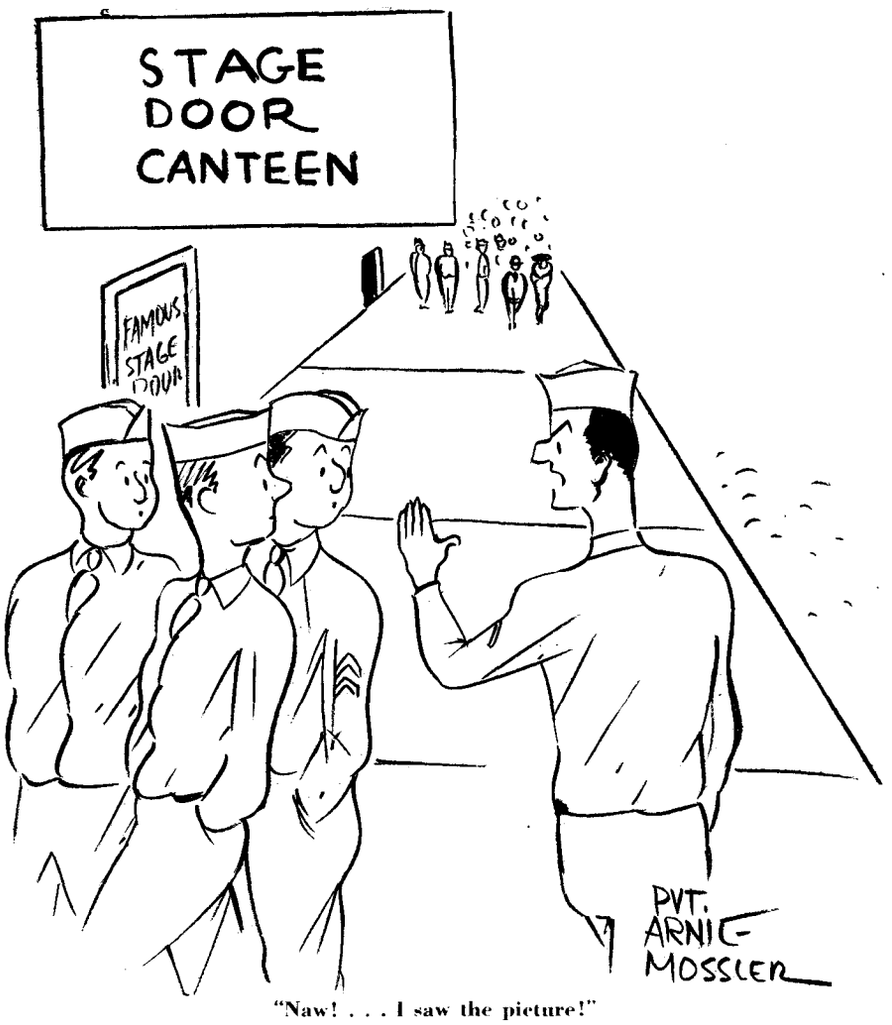

"Naw! . . . I saw the picture!"

want carven in clear letters: 'Uncover before this dust, for when it was a woman, it was doubly honored. Twice in life, it was given to her below to introduce the work of James Thurber'. . . ." This introduction is signed by Dorothy Parker, but it cannot be the one I have always known. *My* Dorothy Parker would conk the author of a paragraph like that with anything substantial that happened to be at hand. . . . The Dryden Press has published a frightening book called "Race Riot," written by two keen young professors who witnessed the Detroit riots last June. I believe that you owe it to yourself to read this book. Nor should you miss Roi Ottley's "New World A-Coming." It's all very well to be planning a post-war paradise for the far corners of the earth, but until an honest beginning, at least, is made to solve the Negro problem here at home, some of these grandiose pronouncements about democracy and the four freedoms are going to sound very hollow. . . . Ottley's book, cleverly handled by the Houghton Mifflin sales and advertising staffs, is the biggest selling book on the Negro problem ever published in America. It's an interesting fact that on December 5, 1941, another publisher drew up a contract for this project. Then came Pearl Harbor. The publisher decided that under the new circumstances, nobody would want to read about Harlem and the like. . . . Sales approximated twenty thousand on November fifteenth. . . .

CLIFTON FADIMAN'S successor as book critic for *The New Yorker* will be Edmund Wilson. . . . George Jessel reports a stirring baseball game in the Catskills between Pincus's Shangri-La and Lefkowitz's Hawaiian Paradise. The pitcher hit the batter four times on the head with a pitched ball. When the terrified batter ran out of the park and jumped in a taxicab, the pitcher followed him to the boarding house where he was hiding under the bed and hit him again. . . . Jessel's fellow autobiographer, Eddie Cantor, avers that in his bed in an overcrowded hotel recently he suddenly heard snores emanating from the adjoining bathroom. He investigated, and rushed to the telephone. "Good Heavens," he cried, "there's a midget up here snoring in my bathtub!" "A midget?" echoed the room clerk calmly. "He must have pulled the plug out. There's supposed to be two of them!"

BENNETT CERF.

"ILKA CHASE

writes intelligently with a quick eye to the two-edged phrase, the smart *bon mot* and genuine understanding of human actions."
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ILKA CHASE attempts, and with considerable success, to lay bare a woman's mind and heart; and in the process presents a witty, malicious, and entirely fascinating picture of life in New York's smart circles."
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The author of *Watch on The Rhine* has written a drama of a Russian town in the path of invading Germans. This script will be fascinating to all interested in motion picture technique, to Miss Hellman's thousands of admirers, and to everyone who would read one of the great war narratives. $2.00

Introduction by
LOUIS KRONENBERGER

The Viking Press
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Lajos Egri, author of the Simon & Schuster best seller HOW TO WRITE A PLAY, will accept students for courses in radio, screen, play and novel writing. Classes for PROFESSIONALS and BEGINNERS. Contact Evelyn Cornell, 21 East 21st St., Brooklyn. BU. 4-5329.

BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS

Companion of the Birds

TORPEDO 8. By Ira Wolfert. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 127 *pp.* $2.

JOE FOSS, FLYING MARINE. As told to Walter Simmons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 160 *pp.* $2.50.

AERIAL WARFARE. By Hal Goodwin. Garden City: Garden City Publishing Co. 1943. 273 *pp.* 69c.

MAN IN THE AIR. By Herbert S. Zim. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 332 *pp.* $3.

THE AIR FUTURE. By Burnet Hershey. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 258 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

HERE, in five books, gathered without design from among those on aviators and aviation recently published, are some interesting indications of the human race's success as a companion of the birds. Two of these books are accounts of the personal element in man's use of the power of flight as a weapon and a third is a summary of the varieties of offense and defense of which the airplane is at present capable. The fourth is a study of the physiology of human flight, and the fifth a forecast of the geopolitical effects of the entrance of human transportation into its third element.

Ira Wolfert's "Torpedo Eight" is the story of a squadron of U. S. Naval Planes in the Pacific, a squadron which lost all but one of its units in the Battle of Midway and returned under the inspiring leadership of "Swede" Larsen to perform a miracle of vengeance. In a little less than one hundred days Larsen's Squadron—the new Torpedo Eight—carried out thirty-nine missions, sank two Japanese aircraft carriers, and probably destroyed a battleship, nine cruisers, a destroyer, and a transport. Torpedo Eight's success was the result of a combination of factors just as man's ability to remain in the air at all is a matter of combination and synthesis. In Torpedo Eight's case the factors were improved planes, improved tactics, improved training, and superb leadership. Mr. Wolfert tells the story well although the reader cannot help being disturbed occasionally by the over-elaborate shadow cast upon simple reporting by the hand of a novelist.

Walter Simmons's recounting of the saga of Joe Foss, South Dakota farm boy, who became one of the great aces of the Pacific war theatre, is another picture of man in his new element, taking to it as a duck takes to water. Capt. Foss had always dreamed of being a flyer and in spite of obstacles he became—for a time at least—our leading ace with twenty-six Jap planes to his credit. That war, rather than man's unclouded passion for flight, should have been the means of gratifying Joe Foss's ambition is neither strange nor tragic. It takes some sort of heightening of human sensibilities to synthesize the ingredients of progress. In Foss's story you can see the ingredients crackling and changing under pressure of time and fire. The man's achievements are almost incredible and their effect on man's adaptation to the realm of the air will not be lost when war has given way to peace. It will take men like Joe Foss to meet and surmount the newer

—"Lookout," a drawing by Wayne Gard, from "Getting Salty."

The inside story of An American Quisling

See What I Mean?

BY LEWIS BROWNE
$2.50, A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

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Just published

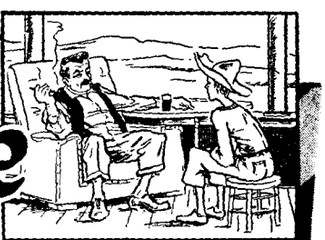
Under the Bridge

An Autobiography
BY FERRIS GREENSLET

Ferris Greenslet's life has been and is a common ground where many worlds have met. From 'The Education of Henry Adams' to the 'Mein Kampf' of Adolf Hitler, he has believed in the power of books, and he has helped them to make history. He knew Henry Adams' Washington, Amy Lowell's Boston, Clemenceau's Paris, Lord Grey's England and Lord Tweedsmuir's Canada. He has known the world of trout and salmon from the Laurentians to the Hebrides. And all these interwoven traditions he saw knit closer and closer through the war and the peace and into the new war which tests the whole familiar fabric.

Because the variety of its appeal is great, UNDER THE BRIDGE will find many readers. For all it will bring greater understanding of our century, of British-American comradeship, and of the good that has been, and may yet be, done by books.

"Few in English in our day have done it better, few with the informality of the great essayists, few with story-telling power, and few with such unashamed delight in what he regards as really important — friendship, fishing, and quality in living, wherever and however you find it." — *Henry Seidel Canby, Book-of-the-Month Club News* $3.00



The Hills of Home

BY CURTIS MARTIN

The story of the man in khaki who passed you just now on the street. Here are the people he remembers; here is his picture of home. Poignant and youthful, it is a universal story of memory. Pre-publication reviewers say: "A bit of fine artistry." "More than well done, aware, and moving. For discerning and sensitive readers." $2.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

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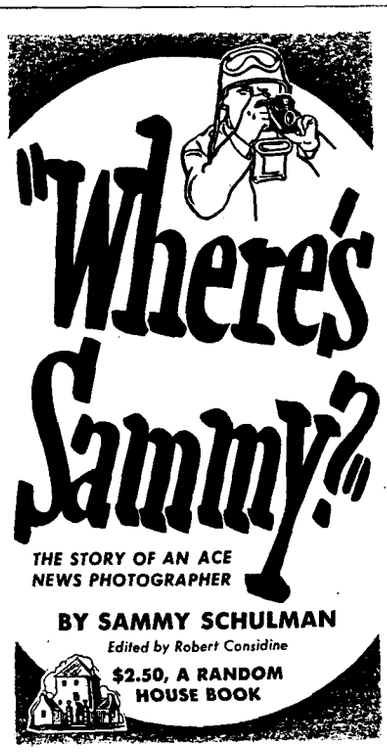
obstacles in the way of ultimate triumph.

Hal Goodwin's excellent book on aerial warfare is an achievement on two counts. It is a sound, readable, informative summary and it is produced not as a reprint but as a new, fully manufactured book to be sold for sixty-nine cents. Its explanation of the function of aircraft as weapons—what they were in the hands of Torpedo Eight and Capt. Foss—should be, therefore, within the reach of everyone. Had the man in the street in 1939 had a relative knowledge of air warfare as great as may be gathered from this book, we might still be in possession of the Philippines and that much nearer an ability to proceed with the business of speeding up man's evolution into a creature of the upper air.

When Langley sweated over aerodynamic problems and Wilbur Wright helped to solve them no one thought that one of the coördinate problems would be the effect of flight upon the human body. The Wrights's first flight was made at a ground speed of approximately seven miles per hour. It is doubtful if the pilot's blood vessels were any less skeptical than the press about what was going on. Today, with speeds commonly in excess of 400 miles per hour and fighting altitudes of thirty and forty thousand feet the entire human body has risen in protest. Were it not for the fact that of late as much attention has been given to the cause of this protest as to aerodynamics, engines, and fuel, aviation progress might have stopped with the Schneider Trophy races. Mr. Zim's clear and lucid account of the physiological problems of flight and what is being done about them will be a revelation to the layman and a great help to the future pilot.

Burnet Hershey's "The Air Future," which he subtitles, "A Primer of Aeropolitics," is a book which, if the reader has at hand a receptacle containing at least a few grains of salt, will prove to be an excellent introduction to the study of those problems of the future use of the air which are neither as personal as a combat pilot's nor as purely scientific as the problems of aerodynamics and physiology. These are the problems of production, operation, jurisdiction, and political effect which are suggested by the use of international air lanes for private and commercial flight. Mr. Hershey's book is a good job (marred by some sloppiness in the historical section) of steering a middle course among the prophets. He takes up and analyzes the various questions which come naturally into the mind of anyone who wonders where the extraordinarily successful development of air transport during the war is going to find, after the peace, scope, encouragement, and regulation for its development. Mr. Hershey has studied his subject carefully and he knows what few facts there are to go on. The reader who follows him must remember that changes in the social and economic organism of man may come about gradually or by sudden revolution and that there is, underlying all change, scientific orderliness which has a tendency to speed up progress when it is too slow and to slow it down when it is too rapid. The present trend of thought in the political and social phases of air economics is likely to prove one that will be shortly retarded rather than speeded up. Mr. Hershey's book provides a good deal for the interested layman to think about during that period in which man's already astonishing performance must consolidate its position in order to fill up the gaps in the road leading to fulfillment of his romantic hopes. Men are thinking hard about all the aspects of post-war aviation and will continue to. Some of the answers are already known. The very words and images with which to make known and use others are still undevised.



In Love and Understanding

TOUCHED BY THE THORN. By Maura Laverty. Longmans: 1943. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by L. R. NORTH

AT the end of this story there are four people in a car careening along a Kildare road in Ireland. The car is wrecked, two are killed, two survive. It is then that you look backward and discover that you have been reading how the lives of these four have prepared them for this last ride, how two need to die, and the other two to live, and you remember the five on the bridge of San Luis Rey. It is not entirely fair to raise this parallel against Miss Laverty, for her writing is so fresh and beautiful in its own right. But it is impossible not to regret that she had recourse to this contrivance for solving her problems. She didn't need it. She can write so evocatively of Irish life that no contrivance for climax can do anything but clip unnaturally the easy flow of her telling. Her varied tale centers upon Julia Dempsey, a tender-hearted spinstress of Ballyderring who watches over the lives and fortunes of her friends. Mary Sheehy is one, married to the mean and elderly Johnny Dunne when she loves Denis Doran. Another is the child Teedy, who lives with Julia and is about to be reclaimed by her brutish father, Ber Higgins. And there are others, like Paddy Gallagher, an unhappy I. R. A. fighter who runs away from what seems to him an unbearable tangle. So you have them in the car at the close, Ber and Teedy, Johnny Dunne and Paddy. Ber and Johnny are killed. Teedy and Paddy are saved. Thus it seems that Miss Laverty has poised a lot of questions she couldn't answer, and let the car do it. But all along we have the delight of her musical speech, the sweet turn of the Irish phrase, the salty turns of Irish character, the gay scenes at fair and concert, and the real emotional value of such people as Mary and Paddy and the little Teedy. It is tender throughout, written in love and understanding.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Ivan Ilych, in "The Death of Ivan Ilych," by Tolstoy.
2. "Lucy Gray," by Wordsworth.
3. "Ginevra," by Samuel Rogers.
4. Beatrice Rappacini, in "Rappacini's Daughter," by Hawthorne.
5. Giacombo Casabianca, in "Casabianca," by Felicia D. Hemans.
6. Molly Farran, in "Silas Marner," by George Elliot.
7. Virginia de la Tour, in "Paul and Virginia," by Bernadin de St. Pierre.
8. "Danny Deever," by Kipling.
9. Monsieur Valdemar, in "The Facts in the Case of Monsieur Valdemar."
10. Mr. Krook, in "Bleak House," by Charles Dickens.

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Into the Streets of Harlem

THE DARK STAIN. By Benjamin Appel. New York: The Dial Press. 1943. 395 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

BENJAMIN APPEL has written a powerful novel based upon one of the great tragic themes in American life, the race hatred between black and white. The book is remarkable at once for its detachment and for the sharp new light which, by its very detachment, it casts upon the theme. For in the process of stripping away all sentimentality and condescension, all weighted argument, all prejudice, and any kind of special pleading for either actor in the struggle, Mr. Appel has revealed this struggle in a cold, clean, terrible clarity. It has here all the aspects of classic tragedy. There is something in this book we have not heard before—or not clearly — and it is this: at any given moment in any given clash between Negro and white, we may discover the antagonists to be equally blameless and equally helpless, both in the grip of a malignancy neither has willed into being, both warring masks through which speak three hundred years of history. It is as though the accumulated significance of that first boatload of slaves in 1619 were funneled through the centuries, to pour at last, fermented and seething, a dark stain indeed, into the streets of Harlem in 1943.

The story develops quite simply out of a current instance. Sam Miller, a policeman on the Harlem beat, is called upon to subdue Fred Randolph, a Negro gone berserk. As soon as Miller and Randolph come face to face the thing gets out of hand, the focus shifts irresistibly from the specific to the general, to the historic, and they are ancient opponents upon an ancient battlefield. This is not of their doing. As they stalk each other along the Harlem streets in one of the most dramatic duels of will we have read recently, they are followed by a tense and bitter crowd, they are enclosed in a circle of hatred. They must play out their classic roles to the predictable, violent end, with the intervention of the crowd and another policeman, the play of weapons, the death of Randolph. But this is only the seed, from which the plant springs at a monstrous speed. The papers make a hero of Miller, and in Harlem he is a villain. Miller, who relishes neither role and suffers from his sense of having been a helpless pawn in the tragedy, steps out of his place in the picture and attempts to clarify it. At the same time there are professional hatemongers of both races to exploit the incident and multiply it, including a flying corps of fascist provocateurs who play both ends against the middle for their own special purposes. This was certainly a point worth making. If anything can help us to shake off the hypnotic spell of hand-me-down antagonisms, perhaps it will be the knowledge that we are playing somebody else's game, somebody who loves none of us and would destroy us all. Mr. Appel's study of the situation is the more effective because he is so plainly devoted to the honest truth, and so hopeful that it will set us free. Paradoxically his tale of darkness is itself a hopeful incident.

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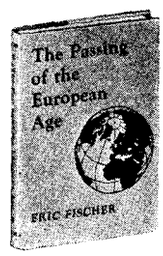

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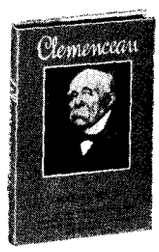

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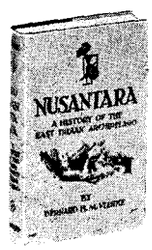

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The Phoenix Nest

CHAMPLAIN he left St. Croix on a cruise.
Heave on the purse-line of the seine!
His barque was filled with bait and booze.
Ho for the fishing of Sieur de Champlain!

He cruised a coast of rocks and trees,
He saw three islands off the main.
He hailed canoes full of salvages:
"Parlez vous?" said Sieur de Champlain.

"Ze Cap aux Isles I name zee quick!"
He cried as he steered 'twixt wave and sun;
And he drew a map with a charcoal stick—
And that was Motif Number One!

He thought to discover the China Sea,
He was outward bound for far Cathay,
But the landfall he lifted was Gloucester quay,
And Halibut Point, and Sandy Bay.

He dined ashore with a Saco chief,
He caulked his shallop on good Cape Ann,
And his soldiers nearly came to grief
When they ran afoul of a Rockport man.

He said, "Zis *place* it ees vairy good!"
He said, "I baptize it Le Beau Port.
Zere is plenty of water and plenty of wood,
And *soirée dansante* by ze shore!"

Then he sailed away with a spanking breeze
From the brook, the marsh, the beach and the pine,
The wigwams of the salvages,
The granite rocks and the purpling vine;

He sailed away into sunset fame
From the three Turks Heads that John Smith found;
And he gave to Quebec a noble name
But he never returned to Gloucester ground.

But *le Sieur de Champlain* was a haunted man,
For never in Canada, France, or Spain
Could he find the equal of old Cape Ann—
Gather the gill-nets—haul on the seine!

A Reuter's dispatch from London the end of August, *re* the former deputy Fuehrer of the Third Reich, quoted *The Daily Express* as saying of Hess, "His aggressiveness is gone for good. He has met other prisoners of war who have told him of the decline of the Axis. In his secret retreat in the country he is quite moody and he writes flowery verse covering sheet after sheet of paper with sonnets." (In the same way, we've heard that Mussolini was turning religious.) This has inspired Mary Cooley of Milford, New Jersey, to send me the following:

HESS LESS AGGRESSIVE

Hess is getting less aggressive,
Is becoming quite un-Hessive.
Hess has turned to sonnet writing.
He is out of love with fighting,
Finds an English bower inviting,
And the Fatherland affrighting.

Hess enjoys a silent session
And is getting quite un-Hessian.
He is writing flowery sonnets,
Now ignores the bloody Donetz,
Meditates the stars and comets,
Waits to read der Fuehrer's obits.

Exterminators *note bene,*
You who say there isn't any
Hope of curing very many
Germans of their uncouth habits:
Renaissances spread like rabbits.
Nazis writing florid verses
May forget about their curses.

Stonewall Jackson's entry into Frederick, Maryland, inspired Whittier's famous poem. But turning to Pennsylvania, Daniel Henderson, the well-known poet, has recounted another episode, to show how a Chambersburg woman vied with the ninety-year-old heroine of Whittier's poem. Here it is:

ENCOUNTER IN CHAMBERSBURG

An Incident reported by an English military observer

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

The farms of the Pennsylvania Dutch
Were blossoming at June's sure touch:
Their green was ruddily splashed by cherries
And the wandering wild strawberries.
Faraway seemed the battle mania,
But Lee was piercing Pennsylvania,
Politely giving Confederate notes
For a stock of shoes or a bunch of shoats.
It worried him that General Hood—
Leading his Texas "Ragged Jacks"—
Had men unlawful in getting food,
But ah—they were splendid in attacks.

Fire-darting eyes, and tongues like knives,
Fearful indeed were the Chambersburg wives,
And most appalling of them all
Was she who met them like "Stonewall,"
Filling her door—our earliest blimp!
And was her gown low-necked, with guimpe?
Who knew? Her bravery was to drape
The flag about her opulent shape.

Hood's boys passed her door tongue-lashed;
Hood's lads looked at their toes, abashed;
But gaily along came a red-haired wag
And he stopped the column near lady and flag.
"Ma'am," he drawled, "our General Lee
Told us—'Be good as you can be.'
But we sholy treasure our reputation
For taking the mightiest fortification.
A sight that turns us to charging bulls
Trampling your men that stand like mules
(*He waved to the grinning infantry,*
And kicked the dust and tossed his shag),
Is when we mild Confederates see
Breastworks showing the Yankee Flag."

Was the banner-clad bosom a salient still?
Yes—from the topmost window-sill.

Again I thank the friendly muse of

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
X MARKS THE DOT *Muriel Stafford* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Unknown man fatally bludgeoned in newspaper office. Girl graphologist helps detectives solve double crime.	Great deal of interesting—and disturbing—data on hand writing, much action and surprising finish.	Good
MISS SILVER DEALS WITH DEATH *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Two London apartment house killings and blackmail to boot keep Miss Silver and police very busy.	Pleasingly romantic yarn with engaging pictures of English city life and puzzle that satisfies. Miss S. is more active than usual.	Entertaining
WHO KILLED THE DOCTOR *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two doctors murdered in little English village. Merrion, ex-C.I.D., sets trap for slayer.	Good background and some amusing characters. Sleuthing good enough—but the gambit is an old one.	Average
THE SISTER OF CAIN *Mary Collins* (Scribner: $2.)	A domineering sister in an old house packed with seven women. Two murders which a war bride helps the San Francisco police to solve.	Murder mixed with feminine conspiracies and backbiting. Excellent mystery marred by too many suspects and suspense too long drawn out.	Good

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Arthur W. Bell for the following, no doubt written *con amore:*

INSPIRATION

To a Blonde Lady

Throughout the sonnets of the Bard Divine
The praises of a strange Dark Lady shine;
Could lighter verse her rare repute but shatter,
I'd put a new complexion on the matter.

I understand that the lady to whom the latter stave is addressed is now residing at Stratford-on-Avon, or is that mere rumor?

Somebody sent me a number of W. K. Kelsey's column, "The Commentator," wherein he talks of Longfellow's debt in "Hiawatha" to Schoolcraft. But it seems that the credit for Indian legend should go to Schoolcraft's first wife, Jane Johnston, who was the great-granddaughter of Mongazida, Loon's Foot, who fought on the side of the French against the English; and the granddaughter of his son, Waub-ojeeg, the White Fisher, a warrior and poet. His daughter, Woman of the Green Glade, married John Johnston, the first English settler in Sault Ste. Marie, in 1823; and their daughter, Schoolcraft's wife, was Obahbahm-wawa-geeshagoway, which means Woman of the Sound the Stars Make Rushing through the Sky. "Who can say the Chippewa are not poets?" "Hiawatha" came, of course, straight from the Chippewa Indians of the Northern Peninsula of Michigan.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 22

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 22 will be found in the next issue.

GKPBC QPQX MP ASKDQK. Q FSWTLC. CLHF BWJJZQ ERXQ NSK FERKCP ALS CLSWTLC ZHCQKRKP GKPBCF QRFP.

NKRFQK PSWIT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 21

WE RESENT CALUMNY, HYPOCRISY, AND TREACHERY, BECAUSE THEY HARM US, NOT BECAUSE THEY ARE UNTRUE.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

FOR ANCESTORS ONLY

(*Continued from page* 5)

no effective will to protect it whenever and wherever it is attacked.

Furthermore, in that sad case, the survivors of this war might fall into the sterile pessimism that afflicted some survivors of the war of 1917-18, and spend the rest of their lives bewailing the fate that condemned them to live their lives in the most terrible of centuries. A generation full of self-pity is a Lost Generation indeed.

"Some men have deserved a better century"—perhaps; but certain it is that some men have not been worthy of the century in which they were born. Only strong men are worthy of a terrible century; only great men are worthy of a great one. The twentieth century is both terrible and great—terrible in its blood and agony, but great in the magnificence with which plain men, humble men, anonymous men have risen to grapple and master terrors before which heroes might stand appalled. Is he who would ask a better century worthy of this one?

I think not; therefore I think the business of being an ancestor is difficult. For it imposes upon you and me the necessity of being worthy to march in company with the winners of the Battle of Britain and the winners of the Battle of Stalingrad and the unconquerable men of the East. Our men-at-arms will do it, beyond a doubt; but never mind the men-at-arms—how about you and me, who must demonstrate greatness of spirit far beyond the reach of the enemy, in the humdrum life at home? Yet if we fail, some grandson, or great-grandson, may shift the iron collar on his neck and lean upon his sledge-hammer, when the overseer's back is turned, to meditate bitterly on how his slavery is due to the fact that his ancestor failed to be worthy of the glorious time in which he lived.

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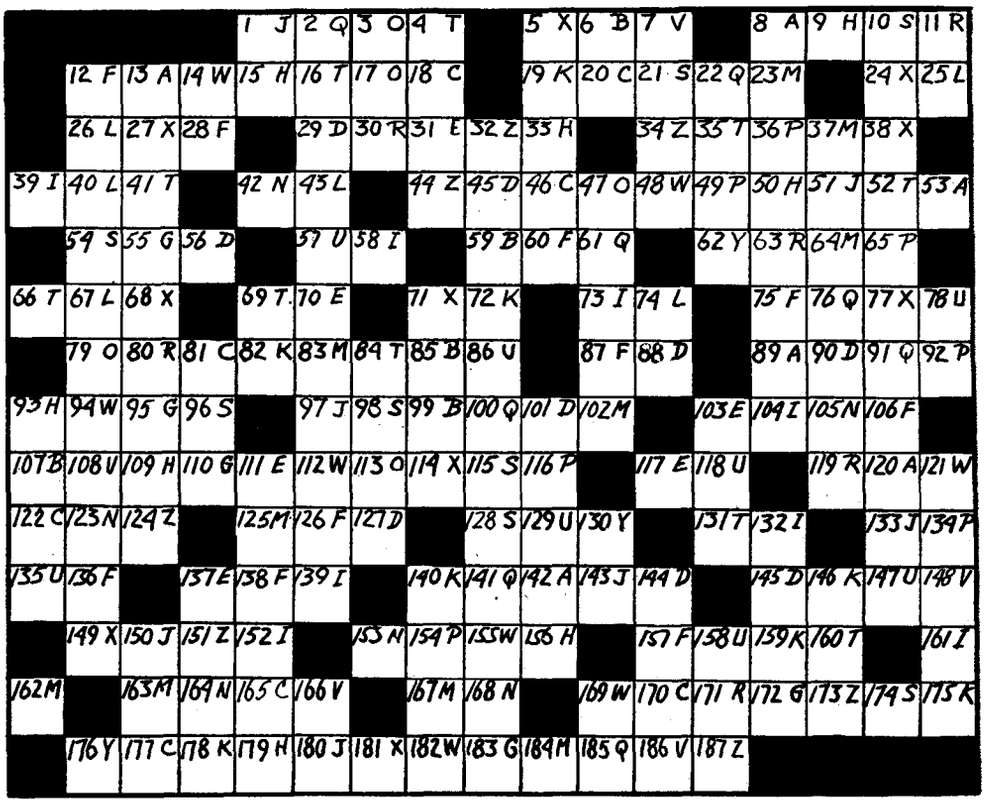
The Crostics Club

MILDRED ROGERS and her cousin, Brookline, Mass., long respected DCers, well-read and with a comprehensive home library at their disposal, protest among other comments at my misleading spelling of *Iapetus* with an *I* and *rhebok* with one *e,* and of my use of unfamiliar Vedic divinities. More than once I have written that in the last analysis Webster's New International 1940, while not infallible, is my common denominator as accessible, comprehensive, convenient in size, and reasonable in price. The Vedic or Gaulish divinities are not a spontaneous choice but a godsend after hours of juggling. I always try to help you to them when the quotation contains enough easy words. But Miss Osgood writes that they like to find and check everything, not just fill out words from the text. In my books I state emphatically that the best way to solve DCs is to work words and quotation together. Any criticism, I feel, that discards this method so inherent in the make-up of my DCs must remain a personal matter with the individual puzzler.

From time to time a puzzler looks askance at me when I forget the meaning of some word in a DC to which she refers. I was particularly grateful to G. T. Northup recently for his definition of a scholar as not of necessity possessed with a John Kieran memory, but with the ability to seek the answer to a question scientifically and systematically. To the extent that his definition applies to a student, rather than to a scholar, I appropriate it. Here I am reminded of an episode in my last few months of teaching in a large Brooklyn high school just before my marriage. It had been my privilege, in addition, unfortunately, to a full teaching schedule, to act as adviser to the class of girls who had entered as Freshmen, 700 strong, and were about to be graduated four years later to the number of 350. "We girls are much concerned over a matter in discussion," said Rosalie Brody as we walked along the corridor together. "Out with it," I said, "perhaps I can help you." "Can you cook?" came the startling query, "we can't picture you in the kitchen." "Well," I commented, "that pleases me mightily. I can make lobster salad, for I know the anatomy of the crayfish from a six months' study in Freshman Biology; and I can make muffins, for that was my morning job Senior year in a co-operative house." "But," I added, "if as a college graduate I can't understand and apply a cookbook, my training *has been* a travesty." Thus in actual practice later that shelf of cookbooks, not my memory, was my ever-present help to, I hope, a pleasantly worthy performance. E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 504

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1910 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. East Indian whisk to keep off flies (esp. a mark of honor).
B. Synonym for the name of a famous G. and S. opera.
C. An ancient drug bringing forgetfulness.
D. Novel by Scott (with *The*).
E. The Jewish settlement in Palestine (Jewish Hist.)
F. The chiffchaff (2 wds.)
G. French province lost to England in 1204.
H. Educated.
I. A kind of fez.
J. Thriving; prosperous (comp.)
K. A semitone (Music—2 wds.)
L. To invest with inheritable property (Scots Law).
M. To reprove (3 wds.)
N. A cassowary found on the island of New Britain (with small, stout legs).
O. Athena's breast-shield.
P. Sea nymphs, attendants of Poseidon.
Q. The Anglo-Saxon heir apparent.
R. Moved briskly; hurried.
S. Tragedy by Sophocles (Gr. heroine).
T. The seat of a *Heart* in a novel by Scott.
U. Existence realized (Aristotelianism).
V. To keep going, talking, etc. (2 wds.)
W. Set on fire; burned.
X. Condition of having smooth, wavy, or curly hair (most Europeans, Arabs, etc.)
Y. Birthplace of Burns.
Z. To render invalid.

WORDS

89 13 120 53 8 142
59 107 99 6 85
18 81 177 165 46 122 20 170
29 101 56 88 45 145 90 144 127
103 117 70 137 111 31
75 138 60 136 87 12 157 106 28 126
183 95 110 55 172
50 109 15 93 9 179 33 156
58 39 152 161 104 132 139 73
1 180 51 143 150 133 97
146 82 159 72 140 19 175 178
67 40 43 74 25 26
167 64 83 162 184 163 102 125 37 23
153 42 168 123 105 164
17 3 47 113 79
92 49 36 134 154 65 116
91 141 2 76 61 185 22 100
171 30 119 80 63 11
10 54 128 21 96 98 174 115
16 35 41 160 52 131 66 84 69 4
78 118 147 129 86 135 158 57
108 7 148 186 166
182 169 155 14 48 94 121 112
181 149 68 24 38 77 71 114 27 5
176 130 62
187 151 44 32 173 34 124

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